

# NORWICH LOYAL LITANY.

*A popish Libell.  
9. June. 1682.*

**D**efend us from all Popish Plots,  
That so the People fray;  
And eke also from Treacherous Scots,  
As bad or worle then they.

From Parliaments long Rumps & Tails,  
From House of Commons Furies,  
Defend us eke from Protestant Flays,  
And Ignoramus Juries.

Protect us now, and evermore,  
From a white Sheet and Proctor;  
And from that Noble Peer brought o're  
The Salamanca Doctor.

A Doctor with a Witness sure,  
Both in his Rise and Fall:  
His Exit almost as obscure  
As his Original.

Designs and Dangers far Remove,  
From this Distressed Nation,  
And Damn' the Trayterous Model of  
Bold Tony's Association.

And may the Prick-Ear'd Party that  
Have Coin enough in Cupboard,  
Forbear to Shiver an Estate,  
And Splinters mount for Hobart.

From sixteen self-conceited Peers,  
Protect our Sovereign still;  
And from the Damn'd Petitioners,  
For the Exclusive Bill.

Guard (Heaven) great Charles, & his Estate  
Gainst Tony upon Tony;  
And from a House of Commons, that  
Will give the King no Money.

From those that did design and laugh,  
At Tangier in Distress;  
And were Mahometans worle by half,  
Then all the Moors of Fez.

From such as with Usurping hand,  
Drive Princes to Extreame;  
Confound all their Devices, and  
Deliver Charles, and James.

But may the beauteous Youth come home,  
And do the thing that's fit,  
Or I must tell that Absalom,  
He has more Hair then VVit.

May he be wise and soon expel  
Th' old Fox, th' old Fawning Elf;  
The time draws nigh Achitophel,  
Shant need to hang himself,

This Jury I've Empanel'd here,  
Of honest lines and true,  
Whom you'l I doubt at Westminster,  
Find Ignoramus too.

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